



# Runaway



**mystery** **adventure**

hey\_guys,\_since\_this\_story\_was\_so\_popular,\_i\_will\_make\_a\_continuation\_just\_look\_on\_my\_account

👁 226 ✓ 27 ⭐ 24

## Chapter 1 by Astrid

I smiled grimly down at my finally packed bag. "There." I hefted it on my shoulder, ready to leave. I was running away. Running from my house into the wilderness. I just couldn't take living in my mother's house without her anymore. The old Victorian seemed so different with only one person living in it. Before, it had been full of light and joy. Now, it was drafty and dark. I hated it. So I decided to go. For how long, I had no idea. But I knew it was time to leave.

## Chapter 2 by Astrid



Even so, walking out the door was hard. I stood outside on the overgrown lawn for a few minutes, after pulling shut the creaky door. I stared at the door, with its flaking lavender paint and rusty hinges. It reminded me of my mom. "*Of course it does.*" I thought sadly. "*Everything does.*" Whenever I closed my eyes, I could see her pretty face, smeared with tears. "*I'm sorry.*" She whispers in my ear. "*Mom!*" I remember yelling in blind panic. "*Mom!*"

## Chapter 3 by Josh Harris



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lonely street. There is a few other houses but they're just as dark as my own, holding more stories of love and sadness.

My footstep get louder as finally I am on the road. Slowly walking I turn and look back at that old house.

#### Chapter 4 by ojmc



I took a good last look at it, after all, I wouldn't be seeing it again...

I turned around and headed for a random part of the forest, as tears streamed down my face.

At the time the forest was burnt, smoke filled the air and ashes covered the dirt. There wasn't much animals due to the lack of vegetation, and there were no birds to listen to.

As I slowly set down my bag and lean against the old bark of a nearby tree, I wonder if this is what I really want. After all, I'm either lonely in my old house or i'm alone in the woods...

#### Chapter 5 by Αηγιε Λειγή (GONE...)



A branch cracking awakes me from my thoughts, and I turn around swiftly.

Of course, nothings there. I close my eyes a second and exhale.

*To much emotions* I think to myself, but then I hear the same noise again.

I grab my pocket knife, and throw it blindly in front of me .

There is some sort of groan, and I open my eyes. It's a boy, probably my age. Sixteen.

"Oh my gosh" I say as I lean down next to him, "I- I'm so sorry". The knife had found it's home right in his left shoulder.

"Yeah, whatever" he moans as he sits up. He squeezes his eyes shut and rips the knife out with a scream. I slide backwards, my hands covering my ears, trying to block out the horrible screech. It had sounded just like how my sister had screamed when she learned of our mother's death. And then how I had screamed when I had learned of hers.

#### Chapter 6 by Astrid



It had been a year, but the pain was still fresh in my mind. My horror, and longing. I wished I

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face a mask of horror and disgust. Wiping it on my shirt, I put it back into my jacket pocket.

"Um..." I'm unsure of what to say to the boy before me. What do you say to someone you just accidentally stabbed?

"Here." I throw some stuff from my first-aid kit on the ground. I didn't know how to use it, mostly because I didn't think I would have to. Taking a cotton ball, I poured antiseptic on it, then stared at his bleeding shoulder. Swiping the cotton ball on the wound, I applied a bandage. He hissed in pain when the antiseptic touched his skin. I cleaned up my stuff, continuing to mumble apologies. Then, I rise to walk away.

"Wait!" he calls after me.

With a sigh, I turn around. I figure its the least I can do.

"What?" I ask.

He answers defiantly. "I want to go with you."

What?

## Chapter 7 by Mimi



"Pardon?"

"I want to come with you," he restates, then continues, "You're the first person I've seen in a while, first I've talked to in a long time,"

He looked defiant, confident. He stood strong and spoke in a steady voice. His wounded shoulder seemed to have no effect upon his confident demeanor. He would -not- be backing down, that was certain, and that could be taken several ways.

I studied him quietly. Jaw clamped tight, eyes wandering, surveying him, marking everything about him. I screwed my face into an uncertain expression and made a decision.

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walking for a second.

"Are you okay?" the boy, my new companion, asked, touching my shoulder lightly.

I shrugged away from his touch, giving him a glare. "Nothing. I'm fine."

He backed away apologetically. "Sorry."

Shaking my head, I continued walking, but I failed to hear his footsteps behind me. Turning around, I was ready to tell him to go home, but the forlorn look on his face stopped me.

Now I was the one seeing if *he* was okay. "What's wrong?" I sighed.

"I-I just.... I don't know. You seemed so different the last time I saw you."

I scrunched my face up. "What? The last time you saw me? But I have no idea who you even are! I don't even know your name!"

"Of course you know who I am!" the boy seems surprised, hurt, and it shows on his face.

"I'm your...." HOW WILL IT END? WHO IS THIS BOY? DO THEY GO INTO THE FOREST? TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS, GO TO ASTRID'S ACCOUNT AND FIND THE STORY: RUNAWAY: WELCOME TO THE WOODS.

**the end**

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